

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farewell honest souldiers : who hath relieved you ?

Fra. Bernardo hath my place : give you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla Barnardo.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there ?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Hora. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night ?

Bar. I have seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes 'tis but a phantasie,
And will not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of us ;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let us once againe assaile your eares
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seene.

Hora. Well, sit we downe,
And let us heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's Westward from the Pole,
Had made his course illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholar, speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it horrorres me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that usurpst this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Majesty of buried *Denmarke*

Prince of

Did sometimes march ? by

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it stalkes away

Hora. Stay, speake, speake

Mar. 'Tis gone and wil

Bar. How now *Horatio*
Is not this something more
What thinke you of it ?

Hora. Before my God
Without the sensible and
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the

Hora. As thou art to thy
Such was the very armour
When he th' ambitious No
So frown'd he once, when
He smote the sleaded Pol
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before
With martiall stalke hath

Hora. In what particula
But in the grosse and scope
This bodes some strange er

Mar. Good now sit, dow
Why this same strict and n
So nightly toiles the subje
And with such daily cost of
And forraine Mart for imp
Why such impresse of ship
Does not divide the Sunda
What might be toward, tha
Doth make the night joint
Who is't that can informe

Hora. That can I :
At least the whisper goes se
Whose image even but now
Was, as you know, by *Fort*

Did